"Keep order!" the sheriff bellowed. "This is a public place! Gendarme, clear the station!"

But the drunks pressed toward the sheriff and forced him to retreat with the prisoners to the far corner of the room. Suddenly he opened the door to the room for first-class passengers, pushed his prisoners ahead of him into the room, and locked the door from the inside. The mob started to batter the door with fists and feet. Somebody screamed, "Get them through the windows."

A score of men dashed to the entrance. Blows against the shutters, the clang of broken glass, deafening cries, screams of women. . . . Then the noise subsided. The door of the small waiting room opened. Men with clubs came through it, some stained with blood.

After a brief silence—or perhaps it only seemed to me that there was a moment of silence—a voice said, "In the name of Christ, these two come next."

Everyone turned toward Eugene and me. It seemed to me they were moving very slowly. I was still on the floor, Eugene's head on my lap. Somebody pulled him away. I saw his hair, soaked in blood, swing in the air. At the same moment I was raised from the floor. Blows fell on my head and body. My last sensation was a terrific noise—whether it was the roar of the mob, the approach of a train, or the collapse of the world, I did not know.

THE RESCUE

I saw a row of high leather boots and gray-brown coats before me. A shrill voice barked orders. "All unauthorized persons leave the room! Platoon, clear the station! Archipenko, double the posts at the windows! Put guards around the building!"

The space between us and the leather boots became wider. Two men with white aprons over their coats lifted Eugene from the floor and laid him on a bench. I managed to get up by myself.

I asked a man with an apron about Thomas and the girl teachers.

"The girls are all right," he replied. "The man has a cut across the skull. Heavy bleeding . . . but no danger."

"And he?" I nodded at Eugene.

"We shall know soon."

Eugene regained consciousness only momentarily, then lost consciousness once more. The doctor cut his hair off, examined his wounds, and began to put in stitches. I found my trousers and overcoat in a heap of garments in the corner and put them on. Then, very slowly, holding to the walls, I crossed the waiting room to the door for first-class passengers. Four soldiers stood guard at

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